

Kurumi Santa Claus

“A gift... what is it for?” enounced Kurumi as her doppelgängers mutually interchanged perspectives.

“Why don't we prepare a present for Shidou-san, Christmas is hard to come by after all.”

“But we can't just deliver it to his house. Our relationship with Shidou-san is very delicate.”

“Then let's sneak in at midnight and place it beside Shidou-san's pillow.”

“....” Perspiration beaded atop Kurumi's forehead. More importantly, she planned to masquerade as Santa Claus. That was no joke as Kurumi brusquely shook her head.

“Are you kidding me? Do as you please to give Shidou-san a gift.” It was no different from letting her younger clones handout presents to Shidou.

Although that would settle it, Kurumi's younger clones were unstable compared to her, and would get themselves entangled in their emotions. She was afraid that they would develop exceptional attachments to Shidou due to prolonged contact with him. There would be no other alternative but to slay them. As long as she still had time, replenishing her fallen was an effortless task. However, it was indeed somewhat displeasing to kill herself. On the other hand, forcefully restricting their free will would also affect their obedience to her.

“There's no other way. I'll do it then.” Kurumi sighed with resignation. Her words caused them to be radiant with joy.

“Finally a decision has been made.”

“Hihihi, what should we get him?”

“Us, any suggestions?”

“But should we act tonight? If we were to get ready now——” As they fervently discussed, a certain version gracefully raised her hand.

“If that's the case, then leave it to me.”

“Y-you!?”

“Me from five years ago!” The others immediately cleared a path for Kurumi to view her raised hand, as if it was a drama stage.

“....Ara,” interjected Kurumi as her cheeks momentarily twitched. Her reaction was inevitable, as although the Kurumi who stood there was indeed herself, she was slightly distinct from the other Kurumi-s in the way she was dressed.

Instead of tying it into bundles, this Kurumi had decorated her hair with ornamental roses and wore a formal black and white dress with frills. In addition, she also wore a medical eyepatch to conceal her clock face left eye.

Her clone which was fascinated by that eyepatch in an attempt to hide her heterochromia iridium five years ago had reappeared. Kurumi couldn't help but feel a sense of shame while looking at her previous self who thought it was quite cool at that time. To be honest, she didn't even want to meet said individual.

“Leave it to you? What's that supposed to mean?”

“Hehehe, it means what I said,” ridiculed eyepatch-Kurumi as she took out a small box from her bosom.

“I knew this day would come, so I had prepared a little something,” explained her with an air of complacency as the other clones around eyepatch-Kurumi uttered sounds of acknowledgement.

“How thoughtful, Me.”

“As expected from Me.”

A gust of wind blew intriguingly; however, Kurumi was still anxiously drenched in sweat. The reason was simple. She had an uneasy impression of the gift selected according to eyepatch-Kurumi's taste. Whether she had perceived it or not, the Kurumi from five years ago strode elegantly towards Kurumi and handed over the casket into her hands. Although its size was tinier than her palm, the item felt rather heavy, as if it enclosed a metallic object or a material of similar density.

“...Hmm, what's inside, Me?”

“Hehe, he will look forward to it when Shidou-san unveils the lid,” the worst reply possible within limits.

“....” Kurumi staggered from dizziness. ‘What in the world could it be,’ thought Kurumi as she tried to ponder from her past self's standpoint.

“Is it a reverse cross patterned ring with my name engraved on it to make him mine, Me?”

“Correct.”

“Correct!? Did you just say ‘correct’?!” exclaimed Kurumi unbearably.

“Just kidding. It's something else hihi,” stated eyepatch-Kurumi, earning herself a doubtful glare from the original.

“....” Although she could just utilize Zafkiel's tenth bullet, <Yud>, to instantly know the contents of the casket, Kurumi couldn't simply squander her precious time.

Well, either way it wouldn't hint that the present was from Kurumi. She sighed as if giving up.

“Fine. I just need to deliver it to Shidou-san while he's asleep, right?”

“Yup, that's right.”

“I see..”

“Shidou-san would undoubtedly be delighted!”

However.

“——So it inevitably leads to this, huh...” At that moment, yet another clone had shown up.

“Y-you!?”

“Me wrapped in bandages from six years ago.” As if they were all sliced by that voice, the clones split in between like previously and directed their piqued curiosity towards her. It resembled how Moses had divided the Red Sea. What manifested there was a Kurumi covered in bandages all over her body. Her right hand, left leg, and needless to say - her left eye.

Despite her excruciatingly agonizing façade, this weathered Kurumi hadn't really sustained any severe injuries. A mere scrape on her right hand didn't require using the fourth bullet, <Dalet>, so she had patched the wound with a bandage. However, as she kept twining the gauze around her hand, Kurumi gradually became more and more stimulated with arousal, until she even bandaged unhurt parts of her body.

...That masochist and eyepatch-Kurumi were alike; Kurumi could not look them in the eye.

“What do you mean, Me?” asked eyepatch-Kurumi while bandage-Kurumi profoundly smiled towards Kurumi.

“It's simple. My attire. Or would you rather approach Shidou-san in that apparel?”

“...Am I supposed to bandage myself?” said Kurumi as bandage-Kurumi overly shrugged her shoulders.

“Not in that sense. The gift can't be marked with my vestige. Wouldn't it be pointless if I were to be spotted during the mission?”

Kurumi suddenly realized what she meant and nodded in agreement. True, Kurumi needed to prudently prepare for every possible eventuality. Her rather characteristic Astral Dress would be easily recognized.

“That's not wrong... I guess I'll change my clothes.”

“There's no need, I have already grafted a fitting costume.”

“Eh?”

In response, bandage-Kurumi raised the corners of her mouth and plunged her hand into the shadows, fishing out a piece of festive clothing. A costume constituted with the colors of red and white.

“T-that is...”

“Santa Claus?” The clones widened their eyes. Bandage-Kurumi had extracted a thick jacket, a pair of modern pants, a strawberry-red hat and an enormous sack; Santa Claus' fashion.

“Ehe, this way you'll be distinguished as Santa Claus if you're caught.”

“D-don't joke around!” shouted Kurumi in embarrassment. She was flustered over enrobing such a frivolous outfit. Ignoring Kurumi's outcry, her clones once again seethed with ebullience.

“Ahh, excellent, excellent!”

“Un, very well matched with Me.”

“Hehe, any outfit would suit Me.”

“H-hey...listen to me—”

In that instant...

“That won't do.” Another one appeared.

“Y-you!?”

“Me obsessed with a cute lolita style from seven years ago!”



For the third time, the other clones halved. The Kurumi standing there exhibited a clear-cut contrast with the original, and wore a pure white dress inlaid with decorative laces and folds. She was the perfect embodiment of a sweet, dolce Kurumi.

“What’s the meaning of this, Me?”

“The design of that outfit is honestly too unsuitable.”

“Any complaints?” asked the other clones incomprehensibly. Dolce-Kurumi shook her head.

“It possesses ample functionality, I’ll give it that, but a lady mustn’t neglect her graceful poise.”

“Then what should we do?”

“Hehehe...” Dolce-Kurumi advanced towards bandage-Kurumi and took the jacket and pants, leaving the hat and sack in her hands.

Unbeknownst of when, the clothing grasped in dolce-Kurumi's hands had transformed. Although the hues remained red and white, the model and design were completely different. The outfit now exposed a lot more of her soft skin and distinctively highlighted her slender curves. The greatest modification, however, was the fact that the previous modern pants had been converted into a petite miniskirt.

That feeling of boldness made the clones uproar in support.

“So that's how it is! The chief d'œuvre!”

“The formerly rustic vestment had transformed into a lovable mini Santa outfit!”

“As expected from dolce-Kurumi!” As if it was an act of sorcery, the other clones all clapped their hands.

Bandage-Kurumi only shrugged, “Yare yare~, can't oppose that.” Actually it was just a magic trick of sorts by replacing the costume with another one from the shadows, but the Kurumi from seven years ago seemed to fancy such performances.

“Saa~, Me, change into this and head to Shidou-san's place.”

“S-stop playing around! Why must I be the one to do it?!”

“Ara, then I'll be the substitute,” said dolce-Kurumi uncaringly.

“Guu....” groaned Kurumi in repentance. “Fine, let's go,” she said exhaustively within the shadows.

“Ara ara, no more motivation left..”

“We'll be noticed in such a state.”

“.....” Hearing the clones behind her leisurely spout, Kurumi couldn't help but gnash her teeth as if to drop the idea forever, and peered out her shadow. After confirming her surroundings, Kurumi smoothly egressed from her silhouette.

That Santa costume tightened around her waist like a skintight corset, audaciously baring her shoulders. The cute miniskirt and boots inlaid with white pompons also matched the season. Kurumi couldn't reject her clones' demands and put on the Christmas attire. Following a democracy of fools results in self degeneration, a fatal drawback which Kurumi had seen.

She felt a little frosty owing to the somewhat immodest clothes. Probably, it was because it had snowed a few moments ago too. The entire street was covered in a bright sheet of white.

Be that as it may, Kurumi couldn't continue her dillydallying and quickly decided to accomplish her task at hand to the best of her ability.

Kurumi had appeared outside the Itsuka residence doorway. According to her clones' report, Shidou was currently at the apartment next door, distributing presents.

Originally she had wanted to deliver her gift while Shidou was asleep, but there was a possibility that he might wake up. Therefore, Kurumi exploited the fact that he wasn't at home right now. This was also a condition she negotiated with her clones in exchange for wearing the outfit. She became more and more restless at the thought of Shidou catching her midway. A portion of her clones were dissatisfied with this outcome, but were silenced by Kurumi's relentless glare.

"Saa~, I should settle this fast," uttered Kurumi while extending her hand to turn the doorknob.

Suddenly.

"——Waaait!!!——"

"——Where's——"

"Ara...?" The unknown voice caused Kurumi to observe the houses around there, wondering what it was chasing. Then, the sound of a pattern of steps and the sound of an automatic door opening came from the apartment to her left.

"Kuh...where did Santa Claus flee?!"

"Observation. Not too far probably."

The identical twins exited the apartment and gazed in all directions.

"Wah, it's snowing, isn't it!"

"Astonishment. Snowy white everywhere."

Kurumi recognized their faces, the Spirits who controlled prevailing winds, the Yamai sisters - Kaguya and Yuzuru. It looks like they were searching for something.

"——! I found someone, Yuzuru!"

"Confirmation. That red-white figure. No doubt about that."

“Eh?”

Kaguya and Yuzuru's eyes abruptly widened as they ran in Kurumi's direction. She too detected the unusual situation and started to trace down the street in a flurry.

“Hold it—right there!”

“Chase. You can't escape.”

“W-what's going on...?”

The unexpected development disarrayed Kurumi's mind into chaos, unable to grasp her state of affairs. But being captured would incur all sorts of inconveniences. Still unclear as to why she was being pursued, Kurumi began to flee under the cover of the night.

“Haa... Haa...”

Even she herself didn't know how long she had been running. It was not at all easy for Kurumi to hide herself in the shadows in order to shake off the Yamai sisters.

It goes without saying that Spirits with sealed powers were no match for Kurumi. But she preferred not to leave any traces that night, so she refused to expend any of her time no matter what.

Kurumi once again returned to Shidou's house after regulating her breathing.

“Seriously... what in the world happened..?” asked Kurumi rhetorically while arranging her train of thought. She deduced that the Yamai sisters must've been looking for Shidou dressed up in a Santa Claus costume and caught sight of her, changing their target. It was really annoying.

“Which is why I hate disguises...” grumbled Kurumi.

“Ara araara.” A voice reverberated from within the shadows. “But if you hadn't wore that, the Yamai sisters would've immediately recognized you.”

“Kuu...” Kurumi knitted her brows. She faced the Itsuka residence and entered the courtyard. “Well then, here I go.”

Opening the front door was a rather crude and impetuous action, seeing that Shidou could've gone back already during that period of time. Not to mention that his sister Itsuka Kotori, the Spirit of fire <Ifreet>, could also be inside the house.

Kurumi lightly set foot onto the overhanging porch of the first floor's ceiling of the Itsuka residence, and peeped into Shidou's room from outside the window, but then noticed something was amiss. The window was already unlocked.

"Ara...?"

Her entire body stiffened at the sight from outside the window. The reason was simple. Another visitor was present in Shidou's room in lieu of him.

"...."

Shidou's classmate, Tobiichi Origami, was currently at the center of his room, stripping cloth by cloth. Her sweater, blouse, skirt, shoes, even her bra and panties, every piece until she was stark naked.

Soon after that, Origami took out a roll of bandages from a briefcase she brought and tied her body with it, as if she was wrapping a present. After packaging her nude body, Origami let out a contented breath. But that was not all. She then took out an enormous sock which could fit even a human and squeezed inside.

At that moment...

"...."

The door creaked open and Shidou entered his room, finally finished with his Santa Claus getup.

A taciturn moment...What happened next was all anticipated.

Origami had presented herself to Shidou inside a huge sock. The poor boy desperately tried to run away and make sense of his predicament. Who offers herself as a gift?! Why not something like a stamp? To stamp other things! What are you thinking?! Shidou lamented.

After an hour, Kurumi was thoroughly frozen to the bone outside. Shidou promised to give his costume to Origami as a present for the two to reach an agreement, in addition to doing a hundred push-ups, sit-ups, stretches, squats and a variety of different exercises while still wearing it. Although he didn't quite understand why, Shidou had no choice but to comply.

"Finally... done..."

Watching Origami leave at last, Kurumi rubbed her exposed shoulders and clashed her teeth repeatedly, her whole body shivering due to the freezing cold. However, her entry was still hindered since Shidou hadn't fallen asleep yet. Not for long though.

Shidou, having his costume robbed, prepared to engage in slumber soon. After a sneeze, he changed into his pajamas and got under his blankets, and with a yawn started to snore.

“....”

Whilst she affirmed whether Shidou had fallen asleep or not, Kurumi pried open the window frame and intruded into his room. Although the interior was comparatively better than outside, she still felt chilly. Intending to get through with it as fast as possible, Kurumi reached into her sack and rummaged.

Unexpectedly.

“Mmh...” hummed Shidou as he turned over his body.

“....!” panicked Kurumi.

The best thing to do was to swiftly get the deed done before Shidou woke up, even though she had suffered an hour or so of icy coldness due to Origami.

“...S-so cold. No choice then,” whispered Kurumi as she uncovered Shidou’s blanket and made her way inside.

“Aah~..” moaned Kurumi as Shidou’s body temperature engulfed hers, warming her up. “This feels so good..” Her previously frosted fingertips slowly gained warmth and her consciousness dimmed with sleepiness. “Aahh~..”

If Kurumi were to surrender to the demon of sleep, the next day would dawn with outrageous circumstances. But the cozy blanket and Shidou’s body persistently dissolved any ounce of awareness she had left.

“N-no... aah~.. I mustn’t... ahh~..but...” Kurumi’s eyelids gradually dropped.

“Mmhm... Kuru-... -mi...?”

“.....?!” jolted Kurumi as she regained consciousness in a split second after hearing Shidou’s voice. In her mind she thought that he had awakened, but it was merely a dream.

“Really... don’t scare me like that.”

Did Shidou sense her presence or was it by coincidence? Unaware why, Kurumi had arisen in his dream.

“Ara ara, what are you dreaming about hm?” Kurumi gently touched the tip of Shidou’s nose. He let out a puff.

“...because you... helped... me... so...” Some sleep talking had leaked out.

“.....” Kurumi observed Shidou’s sleep face in silence and sighed.

“Ara ara.”

After she was satisfied, Kurumi left the blanket and tucked him back in, placing her present beside his pillow.

“Saying those things in your dreams? You really are Santa Claus, Shidou-san,” narrated Kurumi as she climbed onto the windowsill.

“Rest well...” paused Kurumi who decided to use a more suitable tone for tonight.

“Merry Christmas, Shidou-san.” Kurumi jumped out of the window.

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